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The Silent City

(The words "Conticuere omnes," from the first line of the second book of the *Aeneid*, were found scrawled on a wall excavated at Pompeii.)

"Silent they all became"—strange words to be
Uncovered in the dust, where ages keep
Their ruins old and deep,—
Where in that buried city by the sea,
In homes they builded and no longer need,
Silent all are indeed!

Did he whose pencil traced the letters there,
Do it for love of the Vergilian phrase
In those far distant days;
Or see, by some presentiment, in the air
The shadow of the undiscerning fate
That laid all desolate?

These silent people—these, whose names are fled,
Who day by day walked this deserted place
And saw each other's face—
We need not ask what human lives they led,
Or with what prayers in that wild storm of flame
Silent they all became.

Men of our kind they loved the earth and air
And joy of being; loved to buy and sell;
Loved pleasure overwell;
Knew hope, ambition, disappointment, care;
Called oft for help on some all-pitying Name;—
So, till the silence came.

Out of the dust that slumbers on the ground
What sounds unto the poet's ears arise,
What visions to his eyes!
Then in the Present's loud tumultuous sound
He finds what silences, where men and walls
Are as the dust that falls!

TAUNTON, MASS.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

Does Ibsen Write Norwegian?

SO MUCH confusion prevails among English and American readers and writers with regard to the literary language at present used in Norway that a word of explanation and protest may not be amiss. By most foreigners and by practically all Norwegians this language is called Norwegian or Norse, by some, especially by Danes, this is changed into Dano-Norwegian.

Before explaining the correct form to be used, let us first try to discover the misconceptions lurking behind these popular designations. As a necessary preface to this, a brief reference should be made to the general political conditions in Norway during the past five centuries, as these are very closely connected with the present linguistic confusion. By the union of Calmar, in 1397, the three Scandinavian kingdoms became united under the great Margaret, the Semiramis of the North. At first an equal member of the union, Norway gradually lost her power and independence, until finally, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Christian II, when Sweden broke away, Norway was practically the province which she continued to be until her separation from Denmark in 1814. As a natural consequence of her political subordination, the language of the country, the Norwegian branch of the Scandinavian group, came more and more to be regarded as an inferior dialect, the language of the state and of polite intercourse being Danish. This national Norwegian tongue, which is most closely related to the Icelandic, continued to be spoken by

the peasants and by some few of the gentry, just as Gaelic survives in Scotland and Welsh in Wales. But when Holberg in the early part of the last century went to Denmark from Bergen, he spoke and wrote Danish, as did Wessel and Steffens in the middle and at the close of the century respectively. It is interesting to note that Holberg took special pains to rid himself of the Norwegianisms he had brought with him. The only literary form in which the national language of Norway then appeared was the popular songs and tales since so carefully collected by Asbjørnsen and others. The language of culture was acknowledged by Danes and Norwegians alike to be Danish.

About the middle of this century, as a result of the re-awakening of the national consciousness, the Norwegian grammarian Ivar Aasen and others constructed from these dialects the so-called *Norsk Landsmaal* to take the place of the hated Danish, and a number of periodicals and books have since been published in this curious hodgepodge. Now, if the literary language of Norway is Norwegian or Norse, or even Dano-Norwegian, why should anyone wish to do away with it on patriotic grounds? Again, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, who if anyone deserves the title of "a Norse Norwegian from Norway," gives two versions of one of his short stories, one in Danish, the other in Norwegian, and yet the Danish version is in precisely the same language in which the rest of his works of that period are written. In his later novel, "In God's Way," he has, to be sure, succeeded in producing something that is neither Danish nor Norwegian, which might perhaps be called Norwego-Danish, but it is a grafting of the Norwegian on the Danish, not the opposite. That is, it is a debased or provincial Danish, not a modified Norwegian.

This attempt to revive strictly Norwegian words, forms and even syntax, which is so striking a characteristic of the living Norwegian writers, is, combined with the excessive Norseness of the Norwegian character, chiefly responsible for the confusion of terms which has been pointed out. Stevenson and Barrie write the same English as Besant and Hardy, and, in spite of English criticism, James and Howells really differ but slightly in their forms from these four. Hence, no one thinks of distinguishing between them on any national basis so far as their language is concerned. But with Bjørnson and Ibsen the case is quite different, and their provincialism has, as we have seen, led to a linguistic distinction that exists only in the Norwegian imagination. Ibsen, being better balanced than Bjørnson, is most conservative in his Norwegian graftings. Bjørnson is, indeed, difficult reading for the average Dane.

Finally, as to the differences in the spoken language. These have been admirably hit off by Prof. Storm of Christiania, who has said somewhere that his countrymen speak Danish with a Swedish accent and with some Norwegian words and forms. The Norwego-Danish is more sing-song than the Danish proper, and it entirely lacks the stop-tone, which gives the Dane the effect of speaking while riding over a corduroy road. A recent Danish announcement of a translation of one of our authors referred to it as being "from the American," and yet that, absurd as it sounds to us, is hardly a whit more absurd than the announcement, so frequently met with in our publishers' lists, of translations "from the Norwegian."

Ibsen and Bjørnson are Norwegians just as James and Howells are Americans, but their language is Danish, just as the language of James and Howells is English. Ibsen does not write Norwegian.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

Literature

"Christianity and Idealism"

The Christian Ideal of Life in its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and Modern Philosophy. By John Watson, LL.D. The Macmillan Co.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, through its Philosophical Union, has ventured upon publishing some important works, discussing the fundamental problems of religion and life. The chapters of the book before us were first of all given as lectures, and the course follows in logical sequence one by Prof. Josiah Royce upon the "Conception of God." Prof. Royce's book not being ready for the press, Prof. Watson's work is published out of due order. The author has written a work so much to our mind, so necessary and so stimulating, that it is a pain to find fault with him. Nevertheless, his style is rugged and not always clear. With the philosopher of pessimism he would seem to say, "No one shall understand my books without trouble." We quite agree with him that Christ's concept of Christianity is that humanity is one organism, and that we are fractions of the same, not having significance except as parts of the tremendous whole.

Prof. Watson opens with this thesis, as though it were an axiom. It ought to be, but the writer knows many a scholarly intellect so trained in the ideas of individualism that such a proposition seems to it vague, or transcendental, or mystical, and not true. After a few pages our author bases an argument upon a theory of totemism. This is unfortunate, because the theory is in dispute; some other religious ideal, generally accepted, might better have been chosen; but this is a mere detail. It remains open, so far as Dr. Watson's argument goes, to establish the nexus between morality and religion upon the individualistic as well as the collectivistic ideal of humanity. We cannot follow Dr. Watson when he defines the absolute as the identification of the subject and object, and then, a few lines later, says there is "an infinity of distinctions *within* the absolute." As well might he expect us to agree that in God all is intention and no extension. Now this may be so, but it is a mere formula of words and represents no clear concept. Both the Greek and Jewish ideals failed, which is to say that, these religions being defective, their ethics were lacking, and consequently the social life of these peoples came to an end. To this matter two chapters are devoted. Then arises the question, Is the ideal of Christianity not only better, but lacking in nothing to maintain the social unit in organic life? This, obviously, is the most serious matter, and the point of the whole book. The Christian ideal, in a word, is the emergence of self into universal humanity. Salvation is the reciprocal consciousness whereby any man loses the illusion of his individual and isolated life, and becomes aware of the solidarity of man, and learns that his own true work is to become a saviour of men. This he may accomplish at the work bench, on the farm, in the senate chamber, in the pulpit or in the slums. The weak point in Prof. Watson's book is that, starting out with the premise we have described, he does not, when he reaches the chapter upon the Christian ideal, make it clear what is that ideal. He is overwhelmed with details. Buddha made the highest life to be self-denial for its own sake; this is supreme selfishness. Christ made the purpose self-denial for the good of all others; this is supreme unselfishness, the foundation of universal solidarity, the ideal of Christianity which alone shall save the world.

If, in thus criticising, the reviewer gives the impression that Prof. Watson's book is weak, that impression is wrong. The work is strong, unusually thoughtful and mature. In fact, it is one of the best works of the sort that the year 1897 has seen. Dr. Watson has digested his subject, but does not always focus his thoughts upon the matter under discussion. His faults are those of a man with too many thoughts, or with too little time to see his ideas in perspective. He has lost the sense of the true proportion of things,

which he perhaps would not have done had his book been twice as long. The words with which he closes are so admirable a summary of his argument that we quote them:—

"The Christianity of our day must free itself from the narrow conception of life by which Protestantism has tended to limit its principle. It must recognize that the ideal of Christian manhood includes within it the Greek ideal of clear thought and the love of beauty, as well as the Jewish ideal of righteousness, and the Roman ideal of law and order, harmonizing all by the divine spirit of love to God and man, on the basis of that free spirit which has come to us mainly from our Teutonic ancestors."

"In Bohemia with Du Maurier"

By Felix Moscheles. Illustrated by George du Maurier. Harper & Bros.

MR. MOSCHELES has made a most entertaining book, worthy to be placed in a row with "Trilby," "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Martian," of his experiences "In Bohemia with du Maurier." He first met the artist-author in Paris, in the *atelier* Gleyre, when each took the other for a Frenchman—and neither, we may add, was wholly mistaken. Du Maurier was, from the first, a compound of caricaturist and romancer. We are treated to some pages of his sketches, showing what he and the author might have looked like if they had both been of the fair sex, or handsome, or not artists but Philistines; or if both had been horses, or military men. In the last, Moscheles is shown as a French drummer, and du Maurier as a little conscript, hurrying, on the double quick, to the front. In all except one, du Maurier's snub nose and gay and alert appearance contrast effectively with the subaquiline proboscis and melancholic air of his friend. The exception is that which shows us "Moscheles et moi si nous avions été du beau sexe," and in that our author is a fat and smiling street vender of some mysterious beverage, seated under a ragged umbrella, while du Maurier is a ragged and disreputable-looking customer. For some reason not stated the friends left Gleyre, proceeded to Malines, and entered the painting class of Prof. Van Lierus, whom fame has forgotten, though, according to our author, he is "well known" to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Van Lierus, however, had among his pupils Alma Tadema, Matthew Maris and others who have since become celebrated. It was at Malines, it appears, that the two met "the attractive young lady" who appears to have, in a large degree, suggested the character of "Trilby." Octavie seemed to have been born "with the intuitive knowledge that there was only one life worth living, that of the Bohemian, and to be at the same time well protected by a pretty reluctance to admit the same." She had "a rich crop of curly brown hair, very blue inquisitive eyes, and a figure of peculiar elasticity." Octavie was the daughter of an organist whose widow kept a small tobacconist's shop. "La gente et accorte pucelle" is shown in one of du Maurier's sketches, behind her counter, receiving the homage of her two admirers, got up with plumed hats, ruffs and rapiers. Moscheles was a mesmerist. It does not appear, however, that he played the part of Svengali to Octavie's Trilby. Octavie's Little Billee was a little French doctor, who actually did what Billee only wanted to do—married her and made her "respectable."

It would be difficult to decide which are the more amusing, du Maurier's sketches, of which there are upwards of five dozen in the book, or the author's reminiscences, told as they are in a quaint, lively, personal manner which makes even the simplest incident interesting. The sketches are very much funnier than du Maurier's later pictures of London society; but Mr. Moscheles has displayed a talent for anecdote so uncommon and so delightful, that, even without its illustrations, we should be inclined to call this one of the most exhilarating books of the year. We hope that he will follow it up with other volumes of his recollections.

"Patrins"

By Louise Imogen Guiney. Copeland & Day.

WHO HAS NOT, at times, desired that his favorite essayist might return for a season to discuss the old themes in the old way, but with some modern instances? So little change has there been in essentials that we may easily fancy Goldsmith and Addison and Lamb still moving in their accustomed orbits, finding only new evidences of truths long known, new illustrations of the wisdom of the ancients. Yet even such slight change as this would imply would make a difference—to us. So, when we read Miss Guiney's essays, and are reminded, on every page, of the masters of prose, we feel a livelier sense of pleasure on distinguishing the modern and personal note, not too often nor too obviously introduced. We smile at "the damned on a Saratoga piazza, *** not even blest enough to groan for" non-existence, when the damnation of "a party in a parlor" might leave us unmoved. And we appreciate our author's position towards the lower animals more readily from her condemnation of Mr. Bryan's deer-shooting than from her praise of St. Francis. To point to the eternal verities is not enough. The way must, from time to time, be cleared to them through fresh growths of vulgar errors.

This is why the modern essayist may perchance crowd the old off the shelf. What was a new gospel half a century ago has become an evil spell since then. There was a time when we needed to be told of the dignity of labor. But we have come to admire the German artizan industriously spoiling good material, and calling it art. We are in such a hurry to produce that we are in the way of exhaustion, and already it is plain that the devil will take the foremost. Our author has rediscovered the whole truth, and jestingly offers that half to which we are least accustomed. Man was made to play; the world is his great playground; and mines and farms and shops and factories are only means to promote idleness. Yet how many misguided folk deem it virtuous to work. Miss Guiney denounces that oldest monument of practical science, the calendar. "To regulate time and consult its phases *** is to give it a deplorable advantage over you." All men are born wild, and their lives have been wasted if they die tame. "If it were not for a cloud of responsibilities, a downpour of things to do, one might be ever at the other side of window-panes." And, whatever may be necessary, this is the ideal, which she finds imaged in a little ikon of the Sylvan Life on one of the tapestries at Hampton Court. Like all who glorify the life of nature, she sets no transcendent price on personality. That, again, is a means. An essay on "The Delights of an Incognito" tells us wherein lies the true value of distinction. It is in the pleasure of slipping back into one's natural obscurity. "Bene qui latuit, bene vixit"; but it may add to the zest of life if we can play a game of hide and seek with an inquisitive world.

"The Precept of Peace" celebrates *la sainte indifférence*—"that sort of voluntary abstraction and renunciation which the French have found to be 'the choicest of social attitudes.' Be it renown or a new hat, the shorter stick of celery, or

The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours,

it is all one: let it fall away, since only so, by depletions, can we buy serenity, and a blithe mien."

Good foolery, such as that of which these "Patrins" are examples, is more golden than much of philosophy. With their paradoxes one may chance to nip the truth. "Patrins," we are told, are defined in the Romano Lavo-Lil as "those handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the Gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way which they have taken." These tell of a path that leads by pleasant places far from where the "strenuous liver" sorts his rubbish. They are followed by "An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty, King Charles the Second." This we have not read, because, like *le saint indifférent*, we hate close suction.

"Nominations for Elective Office"

By Frederick W. Dallinger, A.M. (Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. IV.) Longmans, Green & Co.

A WORK WHICH ought to have been done long ago is here done exceedingly well. A few features of the nominating system have been written upon in magazines and newspapers, and some aspects of it are explained in political cyclopedias or other reference-books. Here, however, for the first time, the elaborate machinery by which candidates for all the important offices are selected is dealt with systematically by a scholar who has the patience to explore all the sources of information, many of which are hidden to ordinary writers, and who knows the value of thoroughness and accuracy. As a secretary of a political club, delegate to various conventions and member of the Massachusetts Legislature, the author has had excellent opportunities to study the nominating system in practical operation. This book is one of the series collectively called "Harvard Historical Studies," comprising works of original research, by teachers or graduates of Harvard's Department of History and Government, and published under that Department's direction.

Prof. Dallinger traces the development of the caucus and the nominating system onward from their origin anterior to the beginning of the Government under the Constitution. Nobody else has done this so clearly or so fully. Many methods of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President were employed in the early days, such as by caucuses of the members of Congress of each party, by caucuses of members of legislatures, by legislative resolutions, by mixed conventions of members of legislatures with delegates from the districts not represented in the legislatures by members belonging to the party holding the convention, by state conventions and by public meetings. Manifestly all these methods could be only temporary expedients. The congressional, the legislative and the mixed caucuses had been resented by the public as forms of legislative usurpation of authority, while the state conventions and public meetings were too sporadic to meet the conditions which arose around the end of the first quarter of the century. The reconstruction and reorganization of political parties at the close of the "era of good feeling," of 1817-25, the growth and spread of population and the improvement of the means of communication between the different parts of the country demanded a system of selecting candidates which could be participated in by the whole nation simultaneously, and in which the people could be directly represented. Thus was evolved the national delegate convention, the first of which nominated the candidates for 1832. This system has been in operation ever since.

In this book we see how national conventions resulted from the social and political conditions of the time, and how naturally and inevitably national committees and the rest of the complicated and delicate fabric of party organization which we know to-day came into being. We catch glimpses of the mode of operations of Tammany and the political machine in general of both parties. We see how the Tweeds, Platts, Quays, Hills and the rest of the bosses on both sides have been generated, how political rings do their work, how demagogues make their influence felt, how "slates" are formed, how caucuses and primaries are "packed," and how "snap" and "anti-snap" conventions are run. The benefits of party organization are set forth, and the evils which have crept into it are exposed and correctives suggested.

Prof. Dallinger tells us that he is a Republican, but nobody could guess his party affiliations from his book. In these days, when more interest is taken in politics than was known at any previous time since 1860, a book like this, describing the processes by which candidates for all the important posts are selected, and telling how these processes originated, and when and why they took their present shape, must meet an urgent need.

"Hilda Strafford"

By Beatrice Harraden. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN THE READING of a new story by the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," one is impelled, in all fairness, to put aside the fact that her former widely read novel has now taken its place among the "books of a day," and to bring to this newer reading a fresh desire for interest and an expectation of evidences of developed power. It is almost inevitable, however, that, as the story of Hilda Strafford's experience is unfolded, there should arise in the reader a consciousness, not only of the lack of these elements, but also of the charm of manner in the telling which sent the earlier book into its thousands.

Miss Harraden introduces us to the large-drawn landscape of Southern California, and incidentally to the question of its fitness as an environment for a London-bred woman. This comes up first in a conversation between her husband and his loyal friend, which recites the preparations for the expected bride down to the provision of a coal-oil stove and a toasting-fork. The conversation has its climax in the husband's despondent declaration that "if Hilda hates the whole thing, it will just be the death of me"—a statement which smacks more of the colloquial New England housewife than of the type of vigorous young Englishman who, every week's end, takes ship from Liverpool or Southampton to push his fortunes in the four quarters of the earth. Indeed, this and succeeding conversations bear with them an undertone of the feminine conception of sturdy masculine dialogue rather than the true ring of man-to-man confidences, and produce an impression somewhat akin to the forced gusto with which the male impersonator in a burlesque slaps her knee to simulate masculine jollity and good fellowship. This conviction of misplaced femininity is deepened by the consistent accenting of the word "deuced," and by the certainly unusual presentment of a man who "follows on up the hillside, swearing in his usual patient manner, in a gentle and musical monotone as though he were reciting prayers kneeling by his mother's side." Nor is musical blasphemy Mr. Ben. Overleigh's only accomplishment; for, having sent his friend to the station to welcome the expected wife, he sets out to the house of "the ear-trumpet lady," "intending, if possible, to coax her out of her piano"—a feat which, since it was successfully accomplished, argues Mr. Overleigh's ability to cope with much greater difficulties than even those of Californian ranch life.

Soon after the bride's arrival, she is called upon by seven "young English fellows," and arrives at the conclusion that, after all, some kind of companionship is possible in the wilds of Southern California. After a repeated and apparently pointless jest about a deer has sent the seven into shouts of laughter at each occurrence, she watches them depart into a driving rainstorm, which proves to be the forerunner of a series of misfortunes, culminating in the bursting of a dam, and the consequent ruin of the ranch. Stricken by his wife's declaration that the life is in the last degree distasteful to her, Strafford obligingly dies, leaving her free to return to England, a thing she has come passionately to desire. She lingers, however, till the termination of a railway strike allows her passage across the continent, and puts in her time during the enforced detention by throwing herself at the head of her husband's friend, and after being firmly, if not musically, repulsed by him, she departs alone upon her journey.

Miss Harraden's description of the Californian scenery, with its delicate coloring and magnificent distances, is the relieving touch in the book. The character-drawing is anything but keen, the strands of the story are loosely woven, and the result is but indifferent literature. We wish the author had tried the experiment of compressing the whole thing into two thousand words.

"A Galahad of the Creeks"

By S. Levett-Yeats. D. Appleton & Co.

"CAN'T YOU 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

is a question not unfairly put to the reviewer with every fresh slice from the Indian joint. Beyond doubt, Mr. Levett-Yeats, as a lieutenant of the Punjab Light Horse, has had an exceptional opportunity to observe the dacoits and missionaries of Lower Burmah; to explore the creeks of the Irawadi and smell the *ng-pe* and estimate the chances of a governor of Pazobin remaining Galahad when his associates consoled themselves with being "plenty drunk" and assured him, when he was at the height of his reformatory ardor, that he would soon be as they were. But it is one thing to discover literary materials, and quite another so to animate them as to make others see and hear what one has oneself observed and felt. With extreme regret, therefore, we record our conclusion that in the present volume we *cannot* hear the "paddles chunkin'"; in other words, that the two stories, "A Galahad of the Creeks" and "The Widow Lampport," are unconvincing, albeit they possess the charm that inevitably attaches to an exotic. It may be that confusion of pronouns and tenses, a singular verb used for a plural, the occurrence of such a phrase as "aid and help," and stuffing a sentence's tail with so much lead that, so far from hopping, it can only shrug its shoulders and make the good Samaritan forget his destination—it may be that these are remediable faults; but if they are, they should have been remedied before the writer exposed them on the printed page. But formlessness denotes an ineradicable shortcoming in any writer; and commonplace is dull, and dullness crime, even when fortified by the fume of Burman cheroots.

Peregrine Jackson exclaimed: "My God! can this be love?" Mrs. Smalley "looked at him from under her long lashes, and a faint color stole into her cheeks." She also had a "good cry"—before she yielded. The Methodist dominie Galbraith, after kissing the scraps of paper containing the words "I will meet you after church," etc., "locked them carefully away"; and when he came to the point of kissing the widow, he "wondered to himself if he could ever have enough of the nectar he had tasted"—for, in truth, he had "never touched lip of woman." Jackson's Fouché, Hawkshawe, fell from the veranda with a "dull thud," but not until Ma Mie had gasped: "You, the father of my dead child!" There are, however, several redeeming picturesque touches.

"The Children"

By Alice Meynell. John Lane.

THE CHARM of the eighteen essays that make up this little volume lies not wholly in the style, admirable though that is, but almost as much in the essayist's point of view. Indirectly, we are delicately made conscious, as we read, of the stupidity which results from taking anything for granted in this world. Mrs. Meynell takes nothing for granted, and therefore achieves the difficult feat of getting a perspective upon the familiar. She sees children freshly and is unbiased by any of the old traditions concerning them, with the result that these essays are a contribution both to literature and to psychology. They are packed almost as closely with information as with the graces of expression, and, indeed, seem at moments almost overweighted with their burden of excellence.

It is much to see children objectively with such clearness and appreciation, but it is more to get a subjective grasp of the child's own attitude, and to suggest life as it sees it, and this, also, Mrs. Meynell has done. The things which bore a child with an intensity of *ennui* that maturity never repeats, the things which delight its passion for the country, its poignant apprehension of tragedy in certain hours of the day, seasons of the year, and certain aspects of nature, its keen sense of place and personality, the thousand piercing impressions that go to make up its life, have been remembered, or rediscovered, by the author and so set forth that the reader, diving into his own memories, brings forth the counterpart in fact of the propositions she lays down, with a happy sense of recovering long-buried treasure. When life was interesting at all in those distant days, it was so wildly, so poetically interesting! The small soul thrilled intensely to its vibrations and felt in the air the passing of tremendous currents of thought and feeling through which the adult being blunders daily in unconsciousness. It is worth something to be made to remember vividly those great hours in a little life, than which maturity has nothing more significant to offer, and the book must be vital indeed which can bring about such a result so effectually.



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MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

Of Mrs. Meynell's style, the critics, though slow in discovering its excellences, have lately said so much, that its merits are fully known. It has color, grace, elevation and ease, and is delightful with the delight of unexpectedness.

"Miss Archer Archer"

By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TWO FINE YOUTHS and two fair maidens, an angelic mother and a nagging stepmother, a devoted housekeeper and two sea-side homes, one in Maine and the other in Virginia, are the ingredients of the sprightly tale for summer reading which Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham calls "Miss Archer Archer." These elements are not combined in any unusual or startling manner. In the beginning of the book, the heroes and heroines are not assorted in the way that will make for the everlasting happiness of all concerned, and there is a little rose-tinted misery before they get properly apportioned, but it is not violent enough to disturb the reader's confidence in the ultimate benevolence of their creator. The world, as Mrs. Burnham represents it, might be a stupid place to live in, but it is certainly comfortable, for every person gets everything he wants, and if he is not happy after that, it is his own fault. One wonders idly, while reading romances of this kind, how it is that the Masters of Life never take the hints the novelists are continually giving them. Mrs. Burnham's generosity in making lovers happy sets an example Providence might be proud to follow, but alas! it seldom does. Can it be that Providence thinks more highly of the examples set by Tolstói and Ibsen? Such taste would be unimpeachable from the literary point of view, doubtless, but cannot be commended in the name of humanity. In the lives that passion wrecks around us, it may be that we are seeing the summer reading of the gods. For mortal literature, however, Mrs. Burnham's affable

unrealities are more soothing and more wholesome. It is, by the way, a curious commentary on the world we live in, that realism is almost always unwholesome. Of course it is not necessary to be a realist in order to be morbid, but the romanticism of the author of "Miss Archer Archer" is as harmless as the realism of Mr. Howells. And harmlessness is a very positive and quite precious quality nowadays. That it is also a popular quality, the wide acceptance of Mrs. Burnham's work testifies.

"The Gadfly"

By E. L. Voynich. Henry Holt & Co.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL, permeated with a deep religious interest, in which from first to last the story is dominant and absorbing, is as rare as it is gratifying. That Mr. Voynich should have fulfilled these difficult conditions in "The Gadfly" is not accounted for merely by noting the fact of his having chosen an unworked chapter in Italian history, the age of secret societies devoted to national freedom and unity that preceded and gave validity to the work of Garibaldi and Cavour, although this may have been a strong incentive. There remain unexplained the author's sense of proportion and intensity and unconsciousness, which indicate that, although this may be his first novel, it is not that *τέρας ἀπίστον*, the achievement of an inexperienced hand.

It is the story of a delicate, loving boy who, from the hour of his discovery that he had been tricked into believing a lie regarding his birth and into betraying a friend for whom he would willingly have died, disbelieved everything and lived the defiant, mocking life of an infidel. The accumulated bitterness of thirteen years of unmerited suffering and hardship eventually took the form of journalistic satire, and so great was his fame as the Gadfly in saying things that needed to be said and that no one else had the courage to say, that he was summoned to Florence by the conspirators to assist in organizing a propaganda against the Jesuits. The *revenant* was recognized by the only woman of the band, Gemma, whom in his boyish days he had loved, although he was now a cripple and repelled her by a "sort of internal brutality." Beneath his insolence and foppishness, however, she discerned the fine spirit of the sufferer; and she atoned for having believed that he had betrayed a comrade by her womanly sympathy and helpfulness. Together they smuggled and distributed arms among the Venetians, the Gadfly appearing on Papal territory in the guise of a penitent brigand or Corsican hay-cutter. There is a fine contrast between Gemma and the handsome, unintelligent ballet-girl, Zita, who as his mistress accompanied him from Paris, but from jealousy of the other abandoned him for a Romany. No feature of the novel is more clever than the delineation of the Gadfly's changed attitude towards Montanelli, the priest who, as it transpired, before he ran away and in South America "got a dip into the real hell," was his father. Cardinal Montanelli did not immediately identify his bitter opponent, and vitriol in his face could hardly have stung him as did the lampoons and railleries of his stammering, velvet-footed victim. The scene where the Gadfly from his prison cell gave the good misguided priest a new view of himself and of his religion is a powerful one, and convincingly attests that, after all, to be beaten with a poker by a tipsy Lascar is nothing in comparison with the moral hurt which one soul may inflict upon another.

What Mr. Voynich could do in sketching the more normal types of womanhood is not here revealed. His Gemma is rather a masculine character, bearing the ear-marks of Joan of Arc. Julia, the wife of the Gadfly's step-brother, was like a "salad into which the cook had upset a vinegar cruet"; and the military governor's wife was "running up heavy bills," hence the irritation in his voice. These touches suggest that Mr. Voynich has put himself, to a creditable degree, into the portraiture of the Gadfly. The latter is a figure to live in the imagination.

"The History of Dogma"

By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Trans. from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. II. Roberts Bros.

THE SECOND VOLUME of the translation of Dr. Adolph Harnack's "History of Dogma" covers the transition of apostolic Christianity into ecclesiasticism. This period, which the labors of the late Dr. Edwin Hatch did much to illuminate, is likely to be the battle-ground of the schools for at least a century to come. It was the era of the rise of theology and of the earliest contest between liberal thought and tradition. Philosophy in the guise of theology then became the handmaid of the Church. Thus she gained the world for the Church, but secularized the Church. For

a temporary condition this was perhaps not altogether an unmixed evil. The Sermon on the Mount and the Epistle of Barnabas were too transcendental for the existing state of spiritual social evolution. The reader of Harnack's pages will learn how varying and manifold were the ideas of orthodoxy, while the historical development of Christian thought was not devoid of continuity. He will also discover, if he knew it not before, that the orthodox dogma specialized slowly. The author's method of treating theology is the true and scientific way. It is open to anyone to contravene some of his conclusions; probably they are provisional for Harnack himself, but the method is indisputable. It is refreshing to see the candor with which Origen is dealt with. That great thinker—shall we call him the first broad-churchman?—has been in pillory long enough. He was the first great critical scholar of the Bible in the Christian Church. Both as textual critic and as expositor he surpassed Jerome, who came a century later, though Jerome was no mean scholar.

Prof. Harnack's point of view is a good one, scientific and fairly free from prejudice. What he has actually accomplished in his "Dogmageschichte," what are its strong and what its weak points, we may point out when the issue of this excellent translation is completed. Meanwhile this may be said: There is no history of Christian doctrine which the student will find so genuinely useful as this monumental work.

"The Master-Beggars"

By L. Cope Cornford. J. B. Lippincott Co.

WHATEVER have been the errancies of Mr. Cornford in his commendable attempt to revivify the fierce conquest of the Netherlands by the Duke of Alva, one lays down the book with a "Vivent les Gueux!" on his lips, and no bloodstains on his fingers. The grey cloak of the Beggar covered the patriot conspirator, the bandit with a religious passion for pillaging monasteries, the soldier of fortune, or even a cenobite like the hero of this story, who turned renegade and heretic in response to an irresistible call to life unfettered under the open sky. It was an age when the monk ordered the soldier's affairs in heaven, and the soldier secured the monk's welfare on earth; and d'Orchimond was that exceptional young gentleman who wanted to meddle in both worlds. The transition to beggarmdom was an eye-opener to him. That the Beggars, despite the lofty example of William of Orange, lived up to Franklin's motto that nothing but money is sweeter than honey, appeared in their scheme to gain some honest ducatoons by kidnapping a fair lady who was reserved by the Duke for a rich marriage. Notwithstanding their easy-going morality, obviously meant to resemble that of Robin Hood, there is in evidence a smart strain of romance; and no one was more eager to stab the bloodthirsty Alva than the young lady who, but a brief time before, had reproved her lover for his apostasy. Alva is pictured as having a "long oval countenance of the tint of old ivory, diminishing sharply from the domed brow to the forked white beard, so that head and beard made the shape of a radish-root." The chief Master-Beggar, "The Wildcat," had the strength and fury of ten men, and died fighting a multitude single-handed, like Hereward the Wake. There is a "rat-faced" Beggar of low degree, and a "leather-faced" monastic reader. Not only is the author's diction metaphorical beyond the common, but in the familiar speech of his patriots, he makes use of such words as "emollient," "adminicle," "escaladed," "depended," and, of course, "malapert," instead of their simpler Saxon equivalents—doubtless with archaic intent. These jar on the ear more harshly than that other word, indispensable to historic romance, "damned," which occurs twice—narratively, be it said, rather than explosively.

It would be unjust to close this review without a reference to the astonishingly crude punctuation which appears on almost every page of Mr. Cornford's story. This reaches its height on page 269, where a semicolon separates a verb from its subject. Nothing is more common than a relative thus barb-wired off from its antecedent; and colons run riot as in no other English publication within our immediate recollection.

"MR. LECKY," says the London *Sun*, "is rapidly developing into the normal and business-like M.P., and dropping his preoccupied look and ultra-intellectual air. The caricaturists now rarely utilize him as a subject—a sure sign that a celebrity is shedding his little peculiarities. He has, in fact, thoroughly adapted himself to his new Westminster environment, and not many of the old staggers can afford to give him points."



The August Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"Lippincott's Magazine"

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT furnishes the complete novel in the August *Lippincott's*. It is called "Two Daughters of One Race" and tells the story of two sisters—twins—who resemble each other closely in figure, features and voice, only the expression of the face being different. It is an easy matter, therefore, for one of them to take the other's place at the bedside of that other's lover after blindness has stricken him and she has jilted him for another. But when the blind man unexpectedly regains his sight, the imposture is, of course, detected. The plot, it will be seen, is ingenious, if not strikingly original. The story is ephemeral, written for a summer's day, to be read in a desultory manner.—Dr. C. C. Abbott, who loves nature more than man in his modern gregarious mood, talks of "The Charm of the Inexact" in our conversation—meaning thereby the superfluous, erroneous and often insincere superlatives of women, the amiable lies of polite society and, in general, the torrents of superfluous verbiage that are so often mistaken for brilliant conversation.

"The North American Review"

IN HIS article on "Ten Years of English Literature"—1887-1897.—Mr. Edmund Gosse repeats the plaint which we hear from other countries—even France,—that athleticism has forced pure literature into the background. The man who has exercised his muscles all day, he observes, has naturally no desire to burden his brain in the evening. He wants relaxation, and this he finds in fiction. The result of this is not only that we have lost "in Mrs. Humphry Ward a most accomplished literary critic; in Mr. George Moore a candid student of sociology; in Mr. Stanley Weyman a historian of the school of Robertson," and that "the finer talents are drawn from the arduous exercises to which nature intended to devote them to the facile fields of fiction," but also that "the great reading public is rapidly becoming unable to assimilate any ideas at all, and to appreciate impressions it requires to have them presented to it in the form of a story." Mr. Gosse believes, however, that the danger is not lasting. We are only resting, he says, after the stern Middle Victorian priggishness.—The new instalment of Gen. Grant's letters equals the first in interest.

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

THE ARTICLE of most general interest in this number is Mr. Franklin Smith's exhaustive study of "The Despotism of Democracy," which ends with the conclusion that "whatever power may

be needed beyond the conscience of men to control their conduct will be that of rational public opinion," which is "the only power at any stage of social progress that has validity or efficacy"—a truth that is more persistently and disastrously ignored than any other.—Dr. T. D. Crothers contributes an important paper on "New Questions in Medical Jurisprudence," dealing with the puzzling and largely unsolved problems of drunkenness; and M. Alfred Binet discusses "The Paradox of Diderot," that "extreme sensitiveness makes poor actors, while absolute lack of sensitiveness is a quality of the highest acting." This proposition M. Binet submitted to nine French actors, who unanimously declared that the thesis cannot be sustained. The elder Coquelin considers it correct, but was not asked for his authoritative opinion in this instance; nor, we are sorry to say, were American or English players. Yet the verdict of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Jefferson, Miss Ada Rehan or Miss Terry would be of great interest.

"The Forum"

IN A PAPER on "Emerson's 'The American Scholar' Sixty Years After," in this number, President Thwing of Western Reserve University argues that this long stretch of time has brought no change in the duties of the scholar—"the duties of self-trust, trust in humanity and trust in American humanity."—Prof. Friedrich Paulsen considers, in his second paper on "The Evolution of the Educational Ideal," the present and future aspects of the subject. The ideal towards whose realization we are tending, he says, will produce an aristocracy of the mind—the fulfilment of the dream of all philosophers from Plato down.—In "The Future of the Red Man," Simon Pokagon, the last chief of the Potawatamie Pokagon Indians, expresses his conviction that by the middle of the next century "all Indian reservations and tribal relations will have passed away, and that the Red Man will be forever lost in the dominant race." It was this writer's father, we may observe *en passant*, who, in 1833, conveyed Chicago to the United States for about three cents per acre.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a paper on "The Growth of Religious Tolerance in the United States," pays tribute to the influence of our public-school system.

"Cosmopolis"

IN THE current *Cosmopolis* Mr. George Moore writes about "A Tragic Novel," by which he means Flaubert's "L'Éducation Sentimentale." Mr. Moore is nothing if not emphatic. He likes to make astonishing statements in the hope of attracting controversy, and his hope is seldom disappointed. "The object of the English novel," he says, "has ever been to divert young people, rather than to help men and women to understand life." This would be interesting, if true; but we cannot help thinking that some English novels have helped men and women to understand life. We admit that some novelists who are writing to-day have not done much toward that end; but those who are dead and gone have achieved success in that direction. But Mr. Moore is always amusing, and always worth reading, if he does exasperate one at times.—In his notes on new books, Mr. Andrew Lang writes of Mr. Wilkins' "Romance of Lady Burton," which gives him an opportunity to say a few words that we are very glad to hear:—"Sir Richard Burton translated and annotated an Oriental book. The subject was one of which St. Paul says 'it is not lawful so much as to speak.' Sir Richard was promised 6000*l.* for the copyright. 'There were fifteen hundred men expecting the book,' Lady Burton, after her husband's death, burned the MS., and, of course, went without the 6000*l.* I devoutly hope that I would have done the same thing, for which I sincerely honor the lady's memory. My motive might not have been hers. My motive would have been to disappoint a crew of humbugs. Mr. Wilkins says:—'Burton wrote as a scholar and ethnologist writing for scholars and ethnologists.' No doubt Burton wrote as a scholar, but his public, the men of the 6000*l.*, were not all scholars, I conceive. Ethnology was not what they cared for of all things, in my opinion. My reason is that Dr. Tylor and Mr. Frazer, in 'Primitive Culture' and 'The Golden Bough,' have written the best modern ethnological books. If either gentleman was offered 6000*l.* for either book, if fifteen hundred men were waiting eagerly for these excellent books, with 4*l.* ready in each of their purses, I shall withdraw my remarks. There is not, I fear, 6000*l.* in England for the author of a clean book on ethnology at large. For my part, then, I would gleefully have burned a MS. eagerly waited for by fifteen hundred sweet enthusiasts at 4*l.* a head, enthusiasts who were not likely to excite themselves four pounds' worth over Tylor, Mann-

hardt, Bastian, or any other ethnologist or scholar whose works are *not*, in the phrase of the bookseller's catalogue, 'very curious and disgusting.' A good deal of *linge sale* is washed in those books of Burtoniana. What linen it is!"

Magazine Notes

The Strand Magazine is almost as well known in America now as it is in England. One sees it not only in New York, but on the news-stands in the most remote country towns. Strange to say, it does not pay any attention to purely American subjects, though America is not ruled out of its table-of-contents. For instance, in an article on how buildings are moved, in the present number, nearly every illustration is taken from American photographs, and we note among them that of the moving of the brick railway-station at Mott Haven, New York, which is probably one of the greatest achievements in this line. *The Strand* seems to have a "corner" on special subjects about the Queen. We remember one number that had an illustrated article on the Queen's dolls; this one has a series on the personal relics of the Queen and her children, in which are given reproductions of etchings and drawings made by Her Majesty, not to mention a carry-all, designed by the late Prince Consort.

—When Mr. William Waldorf Astor wants his home written up, he gets a Marquis to do it—not only a Marquis, but the husband of a Royal Princess,—for in the August *Pall Mall Magazine* there is an article upon Cliveden, by the Marquis of Lorne, K. T., M. P. There are other interesting articles in this number, among them the second one on Lee of Virginia, which is illustrated with reproductions from photographs.

—*McClure's Magazine* gives the whole of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Slaves of the Lamp." This tale should never have been printed in any other way; it was not written to be divided. In this same number, Mme. Blanc (Th. Bentzon) has a paper on the street children of Paris, which is illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel.

—*Munsey's Magazine* has in its series on "My Favorite Novelist and His Best Book," which has now reached its sixth number, Mr. S. R. Crockett and his favorite bit of fiction. This has been an interesting series, in which have appeared papers by Mr. W. D. Howells, Prof. Brander Matthews, Mr. Frank R. Stockton and Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mr. Crockett, being a Scotchman and a writer of romances, names "Guy Mannering" as his favorite.

—The October number of *The Atlantic Monthly* will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of that excellent periodical. Among the more important articles to appear on this memorable occasion are "A Quarter of a Century's Progress in Equatorial Africa," by Henry M. Stanley; "The Latest Discoveries in the History of the Universe," by Dr. T. J. J. See; "Political Changes since Tocqueville," by John Fiske; "On Being Human," an essay on the prime quality of literature, by Prof. Woodrow Wilson; and "Why the French are Greater Masters of Style than the Americans," by Ferdinand Brunetiere. In the same number will be begun the serial publication of a new novel by F. Hopkinson Smith, "Caleb West," a story of the building of Shark Ledge Lighthouse. The author introduces several real characters and many of his own experiences.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

AN INTERESTING daguerreotype of Louis Philippe has been presented to the Musée Carnavalet. It was taken by Daguerre himself, about 1840, and represents the Citizen King seated, his hands resting on the arms of a chair. He has the short side whiskers and the "toupet" with which he is generally represented. The portrait, we understand, will not be published.

—In 1889 the Trustees of the British Museum acquired from John Ruskin a volume of Italian drawings, ninety-nine in number, belonging to the most interesting period of Florentine art (about 1460), representing the personages and events of sacred and profane history from the creation of man to the foundation of Florence by Cæsar. The drawings were without text, excepting the names of the persons represented, and no satisfactory guess as to their authorship was made until Mr. Sidney Colvin demonstrated that they were the work of the famous Florentine goldsmith, niello worker and engraver, Maso Finiguerra (1426-1464). These drawings will be published in facsimile by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, in a royal folio volume entitled "A Florentine Picture Chronicle by Maso Finiguerra," with a critical and descriptive text by Mr. Colvin.

London Letter

EVERY TRUE lover of poetry has read with sincere regret the announcement that the gentle spirit of Jean Ingelow is no more. It would, perhaps, be a figure of speech to say that her loss has left literature immediately poorer, for at seventy-seven the opportunities for production are few, and Miss Ingelow had for some time ceased to write as she was once privileged. But if it be true that her life's work was completed, it is at least equally true that much of that work will be remembered not only by her own generation, but by many of those who have yet to learn their own imperial speech. Very possibly her lamented death, after a period of silence, may serve to call attention anew to her sincere and sympathetic verse, and if this be so she cannot fail to obtain a new lease of the popular affection. Jean Ingelow's poetry had obvious eccentricities, and it has always been easy to smile at them. They were not actually affectations, for an affectation is the result of premeditated pose, and, though her language often had the effect of being carefully studied and decorated, it remains a fact that she wrote with facility, and very rarely corrected. The archaisms and irregularities of her verse must, therefore, be considered as natural to her, and, when once the reader has accustomed himself to their sound, he will find the true heart of poetry at the core of her work. A share of religious fervor, less insistent than Christina Rossetti's, and more after the formal fashion of the fifties, a deep sympathy with human emotions, a quick appreciation of the aspects of English scenery, and a very musical ear are, perhaps, the faculties which have chiefly endeared her poetry to her countrymen. Probably there have never been more favorite ballads than "When Sparrows Build" and "Sailing the Seas"; and, though the poet's chief weakness—a vague allusiveness which does not always admit of application—is attendant upon each, there have been no better words written for music in our own generation outside the pages of Tennyson.

Jean Ingelow was at her maturity at a time not very favorable to poetry, and it was impossible that she should escape from the prevailing literary atmosphere. The period during which Tennyson was writing "Enoch Arden" was not a fruitful one, and much of Jean Ingelow's verse bears the characteristics of the "Enoch Arden" period in a marked and not altogether fortunate degree. But if it be true of her that she endeavored, as a *Quarterly Reviewer* once remarked, to render into poetry aspects of life which are radically unpoetic, it is also no small achievement that she interpreted phases of national interest with a sympathy which has been attained in the same kind by no other poet, and that she bore her part in the revival of naturalism which the successors of Wordsworth sustained so effectually. She never lived in the sunlight of publicity: her ways were ways of pleasantness and peace: no critic ever enlisted the daily journals on her behalf. She was not so widely advertised as some of our living women writers; even at the zenith of her charm her name was free from paraphrasy. But it is not too much to say that there is no woman poet writing to-day who has had so strong or so healthful an influence on literature as the gentle lady whose generous heart has just ceased to beat in sympathy with her fellows. She was among the elect in sincerity and purity, and her work will live.

The recent dinner given by Mr. George Smith of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., to the contributors to "The Dictionary of National Biography," reminds us that the completion of that monumental work is now fairly within sight. It is difficult to realize, until one sees the long array of volumes on the shelf, how much labor and research have been expended upon its compilation. There are already 51 volumes, which contain about 25,000 biographies. These have been supplied by nearly 700 writers, including all the most prominent men-of-letters in the country. Of the large sum of money sunk in such an undertaking it were an impertinence to speak, but certainly, if public spirit in a publisher may be held to invite a royal recognition, there is some reason for the disappointment which has been felt in many quarters at the fact that Mr. George Smith was not among those to receive an honor during the recent celebrations. Very possibly, however, the distinction has only been reserved until the conclusion of Mr. Sidney Lee's meritorious labors.

The holiday season is settling down upon the book-market, and such works as are still appearing are chiefly related to sport. Chief among them is the work on cricket by Prince Ranjitsinghi, concerning which there are the liveliest expectations. Although the successful tour of the Philadelphians forbids us from thinking that America takes little interest in our national game, it is still perhaps difficult for New York to understand the extreme popularity en-

joyed by a leading cricketer. At the moment no one on the field is so great a favorite as "Ranjy," who has, indeed, added to cricket history by the perfection of a stroke hitherto considered impossible. *The Daily Chronicle*, still in the forefront of enterprising journalism, has secured the right to publish portions of the book serially, and the volume itself will appear before the conclusion of the first-class season. It will certainly be the book of the holiday months, and ought to revive the fading hopes of the almost unemployed bookseller.

LONDON, 23 July 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Lounger

I HAD A VERY gratifying talk, the other day, with an intelligent traveler for a large New York publishing-house who had just returned from a trip as far West and South as St. Louis. Everywhere, he reported, the business outlook was encouraging—his own booking of orders exceeding those of a year ago by about fifty per cent. The farmers were "flush" and paid cash for their purchases—not to him, for he was not dealing with them direct, but in their dealings with city merchants; and there was no such talk of hard times and uncertainty as he encountered at the same points last year.

MR. JAMES BRYCE has sailed for America, and was due in Boston yesterday. It is his intention to spend a month in Canada, taking a needed rest after the completion of his "Impressions of South Africa." Mr. Bryce, by the way, was an Oxford professor from 1870 to 1893, but prefers to be known simply by the title which he shares with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Cleveland.

THE INVASION of London by an army of American players has caused little if any resentment on the part of English actors. As for the English press, it has been most generous in its welcome of foreign "talent." This is as it should be, for turn about is fair play. For years New York has been invaded by English players, and not only "stars," but stock companies, have been recruited from their ranks. Once in a great while American actors of distinction would go to London, but always with a certain feeling of timidity; in nearly every instance, however, they were well received. But no real invasion of England by Americans was made until this summer. Every actor who has gone over, and every American play that has been produced there, has met with instant success. Americans are having their day in England, be they actors or bicycle manufacturers.

IT IS ONLY the American author, the mere writer of books, who is not getting that appreciation at the hands of English readers that he deserves. Our best writers, they claim, are too much like their own; give them something racy in books, as we have given them in plays, and we shall have no reason to complain. It is the raciness of the plays we have sent them that has made them popular. Gillette with his American war drama, Neil Burgess with his Yankee spinster, have taken the town; and now Mr. Charles Frohman tells us that he is going to give them Mrs. Leslie Carter and her great bell-clapper act. Though curfews are not rung in America outside of Nantucket, it is an "American" idea to have a woman swinging from the clapper of a bell to prevent its ringing. I am sure that heroic scene will thrill the British pit with a new thrill, one that even Wilson Barrett could not give it.

IN THE INTERCHANGE of theatrical courtesies Signora Duse has been seen in Paris, where, as every one knows, she has had a complete triumph. To those of us who were Duse's slaves from the moment we laid eyes upon her, the news of her Parisian suc-

cess was not a surprise. In matters of art the French can be relied upon to be appreciative, and the art of Duse was bound to bring them to her feet. The Count Giuseppe Primoli prints in the *Revue de Paris* a number of letters concerning Duse that passed between himself and Alexander Dumas, *fils*, in 1881. Even in those days she was very delicate and consequently unreliable as to her engagements. The following note, written by the Count to Dumas, is exceedingly interesting, and shows us that the Duse of sixteen years ago was the same Duse that we know to-day:—

"You ask of me, Caro Maestro, how this great genius, in which one may not recognize any school, first proclaimed itself. It was in Turin in 1881. Eleonora Duse had just passed through a year of cruel physical and mental suffering, which had precluded her acting. Cesare Rossi saw that she despaired of her future, and, realizing what fortitude she had to gain a victory over herself, offered her the position of leading lady in his company. Although weak and miserable, and with little hope of being able to keep her agreement, she signed an engagement. She said to me:—'In the way one signs a promissory note there is no possibility of paying, but which, when it falls due, can always be avoided by suicide.'"

"BUT THE OLD ACTOR was not mistaken," Count Giuseppe continues.

"Her art brought her into life again; from that day her greatness was an established fact. She has made herself what she is through no treadmill labor; it is simply the cry of her heart. She had only to commune with herself and to put her own life into her parts. She does not remember her masters; she only remembers what she has suffered. Her genius has thus been created in the very fibre of her being. An insurmountable reserve holds back any confidences concerning her private life, but on the stage the restraint is thrown off, and there she pours out her heart that would otherwise break."

"HAVING LIVED a large fraction of my life in India," writes Mr. C. B. Newton, from Germantown, Pa., "I may be able to throw some light on your question of July 31. The rule of spelling for transplanted foreign words, *ceteris paribus*, should be to imitate as closely as possible the foreign pronunciation. Hindustani has a good many sounds, or sound combinations, strange to English. In writing it, therefore, in Roman letters, those letters are used with certain fixed conventions of variation from their English use. Thus the nasal *n*, quite common in Hindustani, is always overlined to indicate that pronunciation. So the *a* in 'Naulakha' is a short one, and should be pronounced almost as *n* in 'tub.' The aspirated *k* is also very common in India and is usually indicated by *kh*, the *h* sound following the *k*. Unquestionably then, judging from the pronunciation, the spelling of the name of Mr. Kipling's house, 'Naulakha,' is the better. Speaking of Mr. Kipling, let me thank you for the insertion in *The Critic* of the 'Recessional.' Having seen and heard of only one or two small fragments of it, sufficient only to whet the appetite for more, I very much hoped to find it in *The Critic*, and was glad not to be disappointed. Such noble work deserves to be discriminated *in toto* and in shreds."

MR. LANG has been accused of being the father of Prince Omri. In *St. Paul* he thus denies the charge:—

"*The Critic* publishes a lot of queer misprints of names of books, from a catalogue of a country library. But I wonder if any American bibliophile can enlighten me as to 'Prince Omri, a Poem,' attributed to this unworthy pen. Can it mean 'Prince Prigio,' which is not a poem whatever? The attribution appeared in a pretty American anthology of English rhymes. What is 'Prince Omri'? Who wrote it? Is there any Prince Omri at all?"

The amount of advertising "Prince Omri" is getting may inspire some one with the idea of writing a poem or story of that name—or of changing the name of one already written.

I FIND THAT Mr. Charles Wesley Smith, Librarian of the Public Library at Seattle, Washington, was somewhat disconcerted by a recent paragraph in this column, in which I pointed out some very amusing printer's errors in the bulletin of a library in his state. Mr. Smith writes:—

"As the editor of the only regularly published library bulletin in the state, I own I felt polychromatic for a minute, or until I read down to 'J. M. Baire, Axel Dumas and I. K. Marvel.' Then I drew a long breath and fell to speculating whether some Swedish-American Sunday-school had got rich enough to indulge in such classic literature and to issue a bulletin. As a balm to your lacerated opinions of the printers and libraries out in the new 'forest reserves,' I enclose a specimen of what we pioneers think is a fairly printed bulletin. If we have not attained impeccability, we pride ourselves that it takes some 'Jane Doe,' like Mlle. de la Ramée, to cause us to stumble (and 'her true name is unknown to us'). I may add that the printer feels so shocked at the impeachment of his printery that he throws in for your inspection even the base advertisements (in Old Jensen) by which the puny sheet strives to eke out its existence. Will you now confess that the printers are 'wide-awake' too, as well as the city?"

The library bulletin which accompanies Mr. Smith's letter appears, on casual inspection, to be a piece of work very creditable both to the librarians and the printer; and so do the Old Jensen advertisements. Together they prove conclusively that the printing of names in such topsy-turvy fashion as the other bulletin was guilty of, is not a necessary incident of the work of a Seattle press.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE wrote the familiar quotation, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he must have had prevision of the European monarchs of the present day. So uneasy lie the crowned heads of almost all the Continental countries, that few of them can be tempted to remain in bed after cock-crow. At least so we are informed in a paragraph which I copy from the *Tribune*:—

"Most of the European sovereigns are early risers. The Emperor of Austria rises at 4:30 in the summer and 5 in the winter. The Empress has her bath at 4 o'clock. The German Emperor gets to work at 5 o'clock, and often starts out for his morning ride at 6. The Kings of Italy, Roumania and Sweden and Norway rise at 6 o'clock. The Queen and Queen Regent of Holland are also early risers; but the late Dom Pedro of Brazil broke all records in early rising, being in the habit of getting up for the day at 3 and visiting his friends between 4 and 5.

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS has started a lively subject for the "silly season." It relates, says Mr. L. F. Austin, in *The Sketch*, to the stature of men of intellect.

"Mr. Ellis says that most of them are either tall or short, and that there is a comparatively small percentage of genius among the middle-sized. He tabulates some historical specimens, and finds 142 tall men, 125 short men, and only 74 of middle height. To be middle-sized is to be somewhere between five feet four and five feet nine; so, if the gentle reader is in this dimension, he may speculate agreeably about his claim to brains, as compared with the claims of neighbors who are taller or smaller. What a subject for the dinner-table! What measurements of genius with black pencil on the door, or, in the general excitement, on the wall-paper! What peril of acerbity, I fear, if a middle-sized man finds himself in a company of giants or dwarfs! Anyway, how can 'foreknowledge absolute' compete in conversation with Mr. Ellis's percentage positive of our intellectual inches?"

SOME TIME AGO someone asserted that all poets had thick lower lips. Whereupon everyone with poetic aspirations flew at once to his mirror and examined his nether lip with sage solicitude. I do not take such generalizations as these very seriously, but it does so happen that all the poets, living or dead, whose faces I recall, have thick lower lips.

Nansen and Sonya Kovalevsky

"A FEW WEEKS AGO," says *The Evening Post*, "Elsa Eschelssohn was appointed Professor of Civil Law at the University of Upsala. She is the first woman to receive an appointment as a university professor in Sweden." On reading this statement, I turned to "Sonya Kovalévsky," and there read, on page 213:—"The University of Stockholm had already [1884] appointed Fru Kovalevsky professor, while in Germany it was still impossible for her, as a woman, to attend even lectures." So the woman learned in the law had a predecessor, years ago, in the woman learned in mathematics.

Having the book open before me, I found it difficult to close it. It surely is one of the most fascinating "human documents" that have appeared for many a year, and the apparent lack of popular interest in it, notwithstanding the attention it has attracted amongst those who are supposed to direct the popular taste, is simply astonishing. The only explanation that occurs to me is the tremendous vogue of the "Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff," a year or two before the later book appeared. That rage had spent its force, and it was as hard to reinvoke it in behalf of a new autobiography of a Russian girl with an unpronounceable name, as it would be to start a fire on a prairie that had just been swept by the flames. The general reader probably regarded the new book as something trumped up to be floated on the reputation of the earlier publication. So far was this from being the case, however, that the autobiography of the mathematician and novelist will in all likelihood be read by the discriminating, long after the memoirs of the amateur painter and *poesuse* are forgotten, or recollected only as having had a meteoric flight from the darkness of the unpublished to the blackness of the unread.

Now that Andrée is still *in nubibus*, so to speak, and Nansen retains the distinction of having been nearer the Pole than anyone else has ever ventured, it is interesting to come upon the name of the latter in connection with Sonya Kovalévsky's. In 1888, she being then a widow of thirty-eight, and Nansen a young bachelor of seven-and-twenty, she wrote to her biographer:—"The service in life's banquet is badly managed. All the guests seem to get the portions destined for others. Nansen, at least, seems to have got the position he desired. He is so kindled with enthusiasm about his voyage to Greenland that no 'sweetheart' could, in his eyes, be of any importance compared with it. So you must refrain from writing to him the brilliant idea which occurred to you. For I am afraid you do not know that not even the knowledge that ——— would keep him from visiting the souls of dead heroes which the Lapland Saga says hover above the ice-fields of Greenland. For my part, I am working as hard as ever I can at my prize-treatise, but without any special enthusiasm or pleasure."

Sonya had made Nansen's acquaintance shortly before in Stockholm. "His whole personality and his bold enterprise had made a great impression on her," says the biographer. "They had met only once, but they were so delighted with each other during that one meeting that later on they both thought it would have been possible, had nothing else intervened to dim the impression, for it to deepen into something more decided and lifelong." In Sonya's next letter (January 1888), she wrote on the same subject:—

"I am at this moment under the influence of the most exciting book I have ever read. I got to-day from Nansen a little pamphlet with a short outline of his projected wanderings through the ice-fields of Greenland. I got quite depressed by it. He has just received a subscription of five thousand kroner (about three hundred pounds) from a Danish merchant named Gamel, and I suppose no power on earth could now keep him back. The sketch is so interesting that I shall send it to you as soon as you forward me a definite address, but only on the understanding that I get it back immediately. When you have read it you will have a very fair idea of the man himself. To-day I had a talk with B—— about him. B—— thinks his works full of genius. He also thinks him much too good to risk his life in Greenland."

Her next letter after this was undated, but was written in March of the same year. "You also ask me other questions, which I do not even wish to answer to myself—so you must excuse me if I do not answer them to you. I am afraid of making plans for the future. The only thing that unfortunately is certain is that I must spend two months and a half at Stockholm. But perhaps it is just as well for me to realize how really I am alone in life."

This was the end of the Nansen episode; for by this time Sonya had made the acquaintance of "stout M.," "fat M.," as she called him, who impressed her as "the most perfect hero for a novel (a realistic novel, of course) that I have ever met with." But



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SONYA KOVALEVSKY

her love for him brought her no happiness, and it was not long before she died. The constant struggle between her two natures—the scientific student, ambitious of achievement, and the strongly emotional woman, craving love above all things—doomed her to disappointment from the start, and almost reconciled her friends to her death at the early age of forty-one.

J. B. G.

Education

Recent Gifts to Educational Institutions

DURING the year ending on June 26, *The Critic* chronicled bequests and gifts to education in this country to the amount of \$21,034,366.66, in sums varying from \$3,000,000 to \$200. This does not include gifts of books, apparatus, works of art, etc.—such, for instance, as Mr. Junius Morgan's presentation of his collection of editions of Virgil to Princeton, or Mr. John S. Kennedy's gift of Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware" to the Metropolitan Museum, or Gen. J. Watts de Peyster's, of a library building to Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penn. The largest individual gift was the \$3,000,000 bequest made by the late Mr. Fayerweather; the two gifts following, of \$2,300,000, by Mrs. Leland Stanford to the university founded by her husband, and of \$2,000,000, by Mrs. Julia Bradley of Peoria, Ill., for the foundation of a polytechnic institute in that town, are in reality bequests, to be realized on the death of the giver; and the gift of \$2,000,000 by Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago, to the museum that bears his name, is conditional. The offer of \$4,000,000 made to the California State University by a number of citizens of the state, provided the legislature appropriates \$500,000, may be mentioned here, as may also the \$100,000 offered conditionally by Mr. Washington Duke to Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Among the large sums given unconditionally are \$1,900,000 by the Baroness Hirsch, to the Hirsch Fund and the Educational Alliance; \$600,000 given to McGill University by Mr. W. C. MacDonald of Toronto; \$600,000 to Princeton for her new library; \$500,000 (approximately) bequeathed to Yale by the late Mr. William Lampson; \$250,000 given by Mrs. A. A. Anderson to Barnard College, and \$140,000 given to the same institution by Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske; \$200,000 left to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences by the late Mr. Robert H. Lamborn, and \$100,000 left by the late Prof. E. D. Cope to that institution and to the University of Pennsylvania; \$200,000 given to the Providence Public Library Association by Mr. John Nicholas Brown; \$150,000 left to the Catholic University of Baltimore by Mr. O'Brien of New Orleans; and \$100,000 bequeathed by the late

Judge Benjamin R. Sheldon of the Supreme Court of Illinois to Williams College and Hampton Institute each.

Ex-Mayor Grace has already endowed the Grace Institute with \$200,000, but expects to do much more for it. The name of Dr. Pearsons of Chicago occurred with pleasing frequency during the year.

Among the large gifts made abroad during the same period, we note the \$10,000,000 left by Mr. Alfred Noble, the inventor of dynamite, for the establishment of five annual prizes, to be awarded by different Swedish and Norwegian institutions (see *The Critic* of Feb. 27); 20,000*l.* given by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson of Cambridge, England, to the Presbyterian College of Bloomsbury, London; and 2,000,000 *francs* given by the Baroness Hirsch to the Paris Pasteur Institute.

A Successful Library Branch

THE INTERESTING Muhlenberg branch of the New York Free Circulating Library has made a noteworthy step forward this year in moving to new and more conspicuous quarters at 330 Sixth Avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, in the immediate vicinity of seven of the largest department stores in the city. For three years the library had been housed in inconvenient rooms in the Parish-house of the Church of the Holy Communion in West Twentieth Street, and, though the increase in circulation of books had been noticeable for some months, the Trustees were hardly prepared for the enthusiasm with which the change of location was received. The new room, not a large one, opens by a few steps to the sidewalk, and almost compels the passer-by to notice it. With but 5000 volumes on the shelves, the circulation in March was 8300, while the number of active members had increased to 2000. The foundation of this library was a miscellaneous collection of 2800 books, the property of the Working Men's and Sunday-school Clubs of the Church of the Holy Communion. Many of these books are religious, and the majority are of comparatively little interest to readers to-day. The new books, however, have been selected with great care and with especial reference to the *clientèle*. The library is open for a few hours every Sunday afternoon, a custom of long standing. A supply of the best magazines and a few weekly papers are also in circulation and freely used. The Librarian in charge, Miss Louise B. Heuser, is an unusually interested and helpful director, and exerts a wide influence on the young people who come to the library. She tells of many clerks and shopgirls who drop into the library at noon, or on the way home at night, asking, "Please give me a nice book. I am really too tired to know what I want." "This," says Miss Heuser, "is the librarian's opportunity, not alone to improve the class of reading, but to make the library attractive to the people."

Educational Notes

TWENTY-FOUR of the thirty-six members of the Faculty of Brown University have signed an open letter to the corporation of that institution, protesting against the Trustees' action in passing a vote of censure and warning against President E. Benjamin Andrews for the expression of his opinion on the silver question. The document points out the danger to education which lies behind this attempt to curtail the absolute independence of the heads and teachers of great institutions. Of the twelve professors who did not sign the letter, three could not be reached in time on account of their absence in Europe. Dr. Andrews, by the way, has accepted the presidency of the Cosmopolitan University, to be founded by Mr. John Brisben Walker. It is to be modeled after the Chautauqua School and will be conducted by correspondence.

The trouble at Brown University is evidently one of those cases on both sides of which a great deal may be said. A great deal is being said, in fact, and a great deal more will undoubtedly be heard before the summer is over.

From among the twelve architects or architectural firms whose plans were selected from the eighty-eight submitted, the Trustees of the New York Public Library have chosen, for the final competition, these six: J. H. Friedlander; Haydel & Shepard; N. Hornbostel; G. E. Wood & G. C. Palmer; Howard & Cauldwell; W. Wheeler Smith, associated with Walker & Morris; and Whitney Warren. The following six have also been invited to participate in the competition: George B. Post; Charles C. Haight; Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz; Carrère & Hastings; Peabody & Stearns; McKim, Mead & White.

Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., has accepted from Gen. J. Watts de Peyster the offer of the statue of his ancestor, Abraham de Peyster, now standing in Bowling Green, this city. A new statue is to replace the one now in New York. Gen. de Peyster has already given a handsome library to the same college.

The Trustees of the Lehigh University have authorized an emphatic denial of the report that the University may be compelled to close its doors in September. The University will be open as usual in that month, with all departments in full efficiency. Moreover, the Trustees announce that the recent appropriation of \$150,000 by the State of Pennsylvania has entirely relieved the University of any anxiety arising out of the temporary and partial failure of its income, and that the prospects for its continued usefulness and growth are in every way satisfactory and encouraging.

Gov. Hastings of Pennsylvania has approved \$100,000 of the \$200,000 appropriation asked for by the University of Pennsylvania, and \$50,000 for the University Hospital, making \$150,000 in all. The appropriation of \$50,000 to the Philadelphia Museum is also approved, but that for the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital is reduced from \$160,000 to \$120,000.

The decision of the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore, that Johns Hopkins University and other holders of \$3,000,000 of first preferred six per cent. stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. are not preferred creditors, as was contended, and that they are in the same category as the other stockholders, if upheld, will seriously affect the finances of the University, and cause material changes, for a time at least, in its plans. The Trustees of the University hold nearly \$1,000,000 of the preferred stock, from which they drew an annual income of more than \$50,000.

On Aug. 2, Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution attended, for the first time in some years, a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. The President of the Academy reviewed at some length his work in physics, and M. Berthelot greeted him on behalf of French aeronauts. Prof. Langley, who was cordially received, explained his experiments with steam aeroplanes.

The electrical apparatus of the late Prof. Joseph Henry, which has been presented to the National Museum at Washington, is being prepared for exhibition by Mr. George C. Maynard, who has charge of the electrical collections in the Department of Technology. The collection contains not only the electrical models of the late Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, but also tokens of esteem, orders, etc., presented to him by foreign nations, institutions and governments. Prof. Henry was for many years in charge of the Museum.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted 100,000 *francs* for explorations in Persia in the autumn, the Shah having signed a convention which gives France a monopoly of researches in his dominions, on condition that one-half of the objects found shall pass to Persia. M. de Morgan, well known through his explorations in Egypt, will conduct the operations.

Dr. John Freyer, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the California State University, is in China, in consultation with government officials about the founding of a college at Shanghai for the education of the Chinese in Western art, the sciences, and literature—an institution of higher grade than that at Tientsin. A normal training school is already in operation with thirty pupils who are preparing to become instructors.

Hu King Eng, a young Chinese woman who took the degree of M. D. in this country, is now in charge of the Siang-Hu Hospital at Foo-Chow. A story is told of a coolie who wheeled his blind old mother a thousand miles on a barrow to take her to the woman doctor. A successful double operation for cataract was the result. Dr. Hu King Eng will be a delegate to the Woman's Congress in London next year. Her grandfather, a mandarin of great wealth, was converted to Christianity some years ago, and she herself is a Christian.

Among the students in the Summer Law School of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, is Edward Marsden, a full-blooded Eskimo from Alaska. According to Dr. L. K. Biscoe of Detroit, "he was early converted to Christianity and was graduated when a youth at the Sitka Industrial School. He first served as a steamboat hand on the North Pacific for three years. During this time he saved considerable money and decided to come to the United States and complete a professional education. He expects to return to his country some day and use his knowledge of law to help improve the political and economic conditions of his race."

The American Book Co. announces "Physics for Grammar Schools," by C. L. Harrington, a book which teaches the elements of physics by means of experiments that are easily made in the class-room or at home.

The Macmillan Co. announces an attractive holiday book entitled "Singing Verses for Children." It will contain a group of eighteen songs, set to music and illustrated, designed to be sung by children as well as to children. The verses will be by Lydia Avery Coonley, and the illustrations by Alice Kellogg Tyler.

Notes

THE Macmillan Co. announces "The Santa Fé Trail," by Col. Henry Inman, late of the U. S. Army. It deals with the old trappers and voyageurs, famous scouts like Kit Carson, and ends appropriately with the passage of the first train over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, the event which fully and forever ended the usefulness of the old Trail. The book is dedicated to "Buffalo Bill."

—A curious illustration of the "luck" with which some books meet is shown in the history of Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "The Grey Lady." The first edition was brought out among the holiday issues of 1895, and, although the book was favorably received by the reviewers, it evidently received but little attention from the reading public, as for eighteen months the first edition was sufficient to meet all demands. About the middle of last month, however, a second edition was published by The Macmillan Co., with a specially designed cover in gray and gold by George Wharton Edwards. This edition was sold out almost immediately, and orders have already been received for fully half of the third edition, which is published this week.

—Mr. Vizetelly's authorized translation of Zola's "His Excellency" ("Son Excellence Eugène Rougon") renders accessible to English and American readers one of that author's most interesting works. The story gives a vivid sketch of official and social life under the third Napoleon, based throughout upon facts, documents and records. The Macmillan Co. publishes the book.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have just published "The Chevalier d'Auriac," by S. Levett-Yeats. It deals with the period between the battle of Ivry and the assassination of Henry of Navarre, Ravaillac being one of the characters.

—Ex-President Harrison has completed the revision of his articles published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which are to be brought out in permanent form by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. According to the contract made at the time between the author and Mr. Bok, the publisher of the paper was to have a share of the royalties accruing from the publication of the papers in book-form. Mr. Bok, however, who, by the way, acted for Gen. Harrison in disposing of the book rights, has released the latter from paying him any royalty, for the reason, as he states, that by the publication of the articles the subscription list of the magazine was enlarged many thousands.

—The Messrs. Harper are soon to bring out a book that will display the humor and fancy of the late H. C. Bunner in an unusual and delightful way. It is entitled "Three Operettas," and is designed for children. Mr. Bunner's librettos have been set to music by Mr. Oscar Weil.

—It is said that Hall Caine spent months in studying what may be termed subterranean London, in order to obtain material for a portion of his new romance, "The Christian," just published by the Messrs. Appleton. The titles of the four parts into which the story is divided are "The Outer World," "The Religious Life," "The Devil's Acre" and "Sanctuary."

—Brentano's announces for immediate publication "Colonial Verses: Mount Vernon," by Ruth Lawrence, with illustrations of Washington's home and tomb.

—Mr. Thomas Whittaker will publish about Sept. 1 a new one-volume edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edited by Percy Fitzgerald, printed from a new font of type especially cast for it. A unique feature of this edition will be a biographical dictionary of every person mentioned in the book.

—Mr. Kipling has written to a Brooklyn boy who asked for more jungle stories:—"Dear Clement: Yes, I know some more jungle stories, but they are so bad that I am afraid the mothers of the little boys who read the other stories wouldn't want them to read this second crop; this is the reason I have not written them."

—Messrs. Way & Williams announce for publication on Sept. 1 "The Story of Ab: A Tale of the Time of the Cave Men," by Stanley Waterloo. The same publishers have in press "The Choir Visible," a volume of poems, by Mary M. Adams.

—Messrs. J. & H. Cowley, the new London publishers, purpose to bring out a volume of the twenty best short stories by American authors. *The Critic's* list of twelve stories will be partly included; other writers to be represented are Messrs. Ambrose Bierce, Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo and Percival Pollard.

—The Roycroft Printing Shop publishes "In the Track of the Book-Worm," by Irving Browne, being "thoughts, fancies and gentle gibes on collecting and collectors, by one of them." The edition is limited to 500 copies on rough deckle-edge English paper, and twenty-five copies on Whatman paper, with special hand illuminations.

—Mr. John Lane has just published a "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain," by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, with its dedication "to our great contemporary writer of patriotic poetry, Algernon Charles Swinburne." "Opals," by Olive Custance, is the latest volume of verse published by Mr. Lane.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will soon issue "The Christian's Aspirations," by the Rev. George H. C. Macgregor of London, who has attracted attention by his address before Mr. Moody's Summer School at Northfield.

—Messrs. John M. Forbes of Morristown, N. J., and Lorenzo Semple of this city have been appointed receivers for the property in this state of the American Publishers' Corporation. Mr. Forbes was also appointed receiver in New Jersey, the company having been incorporated in that state after the failure, in 1893, of the United States Book Co., which it succeeded. Its capital stock was \$1,600,000, of which \$350,000 was preferred. Shortly after its organization, it mortgaged the greater part of its plant, plates, etc., to the Manhattan Trust Co., to secure an issue of bonds to the amount of \$944,000, and of debenture bonds to the amount of \$330,000. The venture was unsuccessful from the first. The total liabilities are \$1,347,600, consisting of first mortgage bonds, \$944,000, debenture bonds, \$330,000, interest on first mortgage bonds, \$23,600, due for labor and merchandise, \$50,000. The assets consist of the plant, plates, copyrights and merchandise. In the application it is stated that the plant, at a fair valuation, is worth \$500,000, but that at a forced sale it will not bring over \$70,000, that being about the amount realized when it was sold after the collapse of the United States Book Co. The assets not included in the mortgage, consisting of books, accounts and fixtures, are nominally placed at \$150,000, against an indebtedness of \$403,600.

—Mr. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" is issued by Messrs. Sampson Low in a cheap edition (5 shillings), thoroughly revised and corrected by the author. The original map of the route of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition and all the original illustrations are included. The book was originally published at \$10, we believe.

—The London *Literary World*, commenting on the departure of Mr. Moncre D. Conway with his family for New York, where he will reside for the future, says:—"No man probably is better known in literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic than Dr. Conway, who numbered among his friends such men as Carlyle, Rossetti, Emerson, Whitman and Holmes. He has been a frequent attendant at New Vagabond Club functions, where he has more than once delivered a splendid speech. His departure necessitates the dispersal of some rare art and literary treasures, which, with the exception of some gifts to the South-place Society, will be disposed of during the month [July] by Messrs. Sotheby."

—It is said that during the youthful days of Zola and the late Henri Meilhac, when they were both assistants to Messrs. Hachette & Co., the work of Meilhac was to reach down from the shelves the volumes which Zola made into parcels.

—A Norwegian newspaper prints an interview of M. Jules Claretie with Ibsen, which must be accepted with certain reservations. M. Claretie is said to have declared that Alexandre Dumas left a play showing markedly the influence of Ibsen, at which he worked for ten years, aiming to reconcile his own dramatic method with Ibsen's; that the work is a masterpiece, that the last scenes are unfortunately lacking, but that, nevertheless, he, Claretie, hopes to produce it at the Théâtre Français, if the Dumas heirs will permit it. He added, according to the Norwegian reporter, that he hoped to bring out some of the plays of Ibsen at the Français. Whereupon the Norwegian dramatist made the unexpected reply that it was scarcely pleasant for him to see his plays produced,

because they were generally represented in a form different from that in which he had conceived them. Finally, M. Claretie extended an invitation to Ibsen to visit Paris, assuring him that he would be received with great distinction—an invitation which the recipient thought it would be difficult, at his age, to accept.

—Mr. Thomas Hardy is at Geneva, where he went partly to avoid the Jubilee crush, partly to trace the places associated with Byron and Shelley—poets in whom he has the deepest interest, says *The British Weekly*.

—Major Pond has not yet made out Mr. Anthony Hope's American itinerary, but it will probably begin in New England on Oct. 18 and include the principal cities as far west as Minneapolis. The prospect of a successful series of readings is said to be very good indeed.

—The Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was an early member, is coöperating with the National Literary Society of Ireland to celebrate the centenary of Burke's death. It is proposed to hold a public meeting in November.

—Mr. J. Passmore Edwards has signified his intention of erecting a bronze medallion portrait of Leigh Hunt in the Public Library at Shepherd's-bush, England. The library was built at the expense of Mr. Edwards, and is dedicated to the memory of Leigh Hunt and Charles Keene, whose last years were spent in the parish of Hammersmith. The work will be intrusted to Mr. G. Frampton, A.R.A.

—Seven unpublished letters by Goethe, dated 1806, 1807 and 1810, some of his letters to Lichtenberg, and letters to him by Voss and Schlegel, are printed in the new (eighteenth) volume of the "Goethe Jahrbuch." The Goethe Society now numbers 2676 members.

—Shaw's "English Literature" was one of the most popular books of its class forty or more years ago, and got a new lease of life by its revision, in 1884, by Dr. T. J. Backus of the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, who has now rewritten it, under the title of "The Outlines of Literature, English and American" (Sheldon & Co.). It is a well-printed volume of about 500 pages, and will compare favorably with other manuals of similar scope and compass. About 130 pages are devoted to American literature, including a "tabulated supplementary list" of authors (eight pages) which gives a single line to several hundred writers not discussed in the body of the book, and which is convenient for purposes of reference. A full index is appended.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTIONS

1850.—Where can I find the following quotation:—

"A man to note right well as one
Who shot his arrow straightway at the sun?"

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

J. H. B.

1851.—What is the meaning of the "witch's scarlet thread" in the following quotation from "Aurora Leigh"?

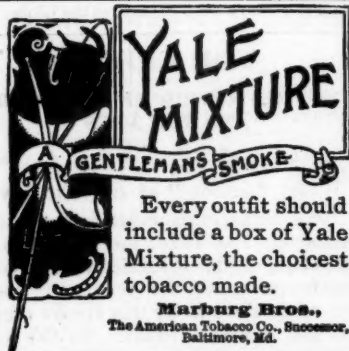
"You might see
In apparition on the golden sky
(Alas, my Giotto's background!) the sheep run
Along the fine clear outline, small as mice
That run along a witch's scarlet thread."

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

G. G. M.

Publications Received

About, E. L'Oncle et le Neveu; Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Cornille. Ed. by G. Castegner. 25c. W. R. Jenkins.
Anderson, J. M. A Study of English Words. 40c. American Book Co.
Atkinson, G. F. Some Fungi from Alabama. Cornell Univ. Bulletin.
Carlyle, T. The French Revolution. Vol. III. Temple Classics. Macmillan Co.
Christian, J. S. Crime and Criminals. Chicago: W. T. Keener Co.
Encyclopedia of Sport, Pts. II-IV. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gardner, J. S. Armour in England. The Portfolio, No. 33. Macmillan Co.
Gudeman, A. Outlines of History of Classical Philology. Ginn & Co.
Halévy, L., and others. Clever Tales. Selected and edited by C. Porter and H. A. Clarke. Copeland & Day.
Hallard, J. H. Gold and Silver. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.
Harrington, C. L. Physics for Grammar Schools. American Book Co.
Jesuit Relations, Vol. VII. Cleveland, O.: Burrows Bros. Co.
Johnston, R. M. Old Times in Middle Georgia. Macmillan Co.
Levett-Yeats, S. The Chevalier of Aurillac. Longmans, Green & Co.
Lewis, A. H. Wolfville. Illus. by F. Remington. \$1.50. F. Stokes Co.
Library of the World's Best Literature. Vols. 9-12. New York: Internat. Society.
MacMahon, E. Touchstone of Life. Illus. 75c. F. A. Stokes Co.
Mérimée, P. Letters to an Unknown. Trans., with Preface, by H. P. du Bois. Bretnano's.
Merry Devil of Edmonton. Edited by H. Walker. 45c. Macmillan Co.
Quigley, D. Success is for You, \$1; The Way to Keep Young, 75c. Macmillan Co.
Savage, M. J. Religion for To-day. \$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Sidney, M. Phronse Pepper. Boston: G. H. Ellis.
Sturges, J. Folly of Pen Harrington. Lothrop Pub. Co.
Ten Noble Poems. D. Appleton & Co.
Wilkins, M. E. Once upon a Time, and Other Child-Verses. Chicago: Unity Pub. Co.
Lothrop Pub. Co.



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